

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by
THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.
NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1886.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, and Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

False Friendship to the South.

WITH a view to learning how Senator Blair's bill 'to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools' is regarded by State and City Superintendents of Public Instruction throughout the United States, a circular letter was recently addressed by the editors of THE CRITIC to a large number of those officials. In it the following questions were asked:—¹ 1. Do you regard the bill as constitutional? 2. Do you deem its passage desirable? Upwards of forty replies have been received, and are published in our issue of this date.

The avowed purpose of the bill is to aid the Southern States in the great work of educating the Negro. It is proposed to do this by the appropriation of \$77,000,000 from the National Treasury, to be distributed, during a period of eight years, amongst the different States and Territories in proportion to the number of illiterate persons resident therein in 1880. We cannot find in the Constitution of the United States any authority for such a disposition of the public moneys, and we should regard the passage of the bill as a grievous error in statesmanship. Its effect, in the long run, would be to render the South less, rather than more, capable of dealing with the serious problem it is proposed to solve off-hand by tapping the national till. There is a strong taint of demagogism about the measure; and the same taint is clearly perceptible in the letter to the Boston *Globe* in which its originator recently attempted to justify it. 'National taxation for schools,' he wrote, 'is chiefly distribution of accumulated property to the children of the common people, and is therefore so far a relief from the alarming inequalities which now prevail in the possession of wealth.' It is no part of the American scheme of government to equalize the distribution of wealth, by free-will offerings to the poor; nor do we believe the temper of the Southern people to be such that they would welcome a gift the acceptance of which would involve so large a sacrifice of self-respect. Our views on the subject of the bill in question are set forth at greater length in the following vigorous letter, written at our request by President Barnard of Columbia College.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

You ask my opinion of the Blair bill. I wish that time would allow me to give it, and at the same time to give in full my reasons for holding it. I disapprove the bill *in toto*. In the first place, it is grossly unconstitutional. I know that it has become very common to treat an objection of this kind with a certain contemptuous disregard—a bad habit which we naturally contracted a quarter of a century ago, in contemplating the passionate protests of our secessionist brethren, and their sympathizers among ourselves, against the constitutionality of all measures necessary to preserve the Constitution itself from the destruction with which they menaced it. But to me it seems that we might as well have no Constitution at all, as to have one the restraints of which we refuse to acknowledge.

There is not a syllable in the Constitution which can be quoted in sanction of this extravagantly wasteful bill, except the 'general welfare' clause which is always invoked whenever any scheme of public extravagance especially irrational and preposterous is on foot. But the intent of that clause was manifestly not to invest Congress with unlimited powers. Every really important matter on which it occurred to the framers of the Constitution that legislation might be needed was specifically named in Section 8 of the first Article, and the phrase relating to general welfare was evidently inserted merely to cover minor matters too insignificant to be with propriety enumerated in an instrument of such gravity. The Fathers of the Republic would have been aghast with dismay, could they have imagined that this simple and innocent looking bit of their handiwork would in the future be interpreted to sanction such wild and Quixotic schemes for squandering the public treasure as that proposed in this astounding Blair bill.

But this bill is unconstitutional on another ground. Section 9 of Article 1, prohibits Congress from taking money from the people by any form of direct tax which is not proportioned to the population of the several commonwealths. It never occurred to the framers that possibly Congress might be asked to give money to the States instead of taking it from them; had it done so, any sensible man may judge for himself whether they would probably have supplemented this inhibition by adding 'but Congress may make donations from the public treasury to the several States in such proportion as may to that body seem good.' The spirit of the clause, as it stands, requires that, if this money is to be distributed among the States, it should be so in the proportion of their population as ascertained by the general census. The bill actually proposes to make the distribution in proportion to the census of the *illiterates*. And when we consider that the avowed intent of this bill was not in the least to benefit Northern States, but to cure the appalling illiteracy of the South, and more especially of the colored element in the population of the South, and further, that there is not a political lunatic in the country, not even in Congress, crazy enough to venture on so wild and preposterous a proposition as that of drawing on the public treasury to subsidize the common schools of such a State as, for instance, New York, or Ohio, or even Senator Blair's own State of New Hampshire, it becomes immediately manifest that the fact of making the benefaction universal is a frank admission of the unconstitutionality of any measure which should have limited the benefaction to the Southern States alone. In other words, we are asked to offer a *lassez* (or bribe) of several millions of dollars to States which have no need of them, in order that we may have a pretext which they will favorably regard for squandering other and larger millions upon States which we assume (mistakenly) to have need of them.

But, thirdly, this bill is unconstitutional, even if it were justifiable under the 'general welfare' clause; for it may easily be shown, and in fact it has been shown, that if enacted and put into force, it will certainly not be promotive of the general welfare. It cannot fail to blunt, and ultimately to extinguish, the feeling of self-respect and the spirit of self-help in the States which it is hoped by it to benefit; and, worse than that, to foster among them, on the other hand, a mean and mercenary craving for Federal *backsheesh*, unworthy of American freemen. There is published testimony to the fact that, already, in two leading Southern States, one of them the wealthiest and nearly the most populous, the mere knowledge that a measure of this kind had been proposed in Congress, and the bare hope that it might be successful, have had the effect to discourage local legislation for the support of schools, and so to injure rather than to aid the cause of educational improvement. Moreover, it has been shown conclusively by the writers who have treated this subject in *The Evening Post*, from public and official reports on common school education in all the South-

ern States, that those States are not at all, or not materially, below the Northern States in taking care of themselves in this matter, and that all they need now is all that they asked when they went on strike in 1861, and that is, 'to be let alone.' The effect of this bill, if enacted, will be simply to impress the Southern people with the conviction that the active and very creditable efforts which they are now putting forth for correcting the prevalent illiteracy among them need not any longer be maintained, and thus grossly to injure instead of advancing the cause it is ostensibly intended to subserve. And what is of still graver concern, is the fact that the same pernicious influences will extend into all the other States which are confessedly in no need of the benefaction, but which it is proposed to subsidize as an excuse for subsidizing the rest. The unavoidable consequence, therefore, of the adoption of this ill-judged and monstrous measure will be to prejudice the cause of popular education throughout the whole Union. Instead of being defensible under the 'public welfare' clause of the Constitution, it accordingly deserves to be denounced as doubly unconstitutional, as being a bill for the promotion, not of the public welfare, but of the public *ill-fare*.

It is gratifying to observe that public opinion, which at first set very strongly in favor of this ill-starred measure, is now drifting steadily and rapidly the other way; so that a bill which passed with a facility so phenomenal through the Senate, is likely to be engulfed and lost forever to human sight in the deep recesses of the House Committee rooms, or shattered and submerged under the buffets it is sure to receive in debate in the full House. And even should it escape this well-deserved fate—which is unfortunately possible, since pernicious things are proverbially hard to kill—it is a comfort to think we have a President who is at once a man of sense and a man of nerve, and who will not fail to crush this vicious creation of political craft and political folly under his heel.

F. A. P. BARNARD.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, May 20, 1886.

STATE SUPERINTENDENTS OR COMMISSIONERS.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am of opinion the bill is unconstitutional. The Constitution clearly defines the duties of the Federal Government and the fields of usefulness for which it was designed, and certainly the education of the people is not included among them. Next, I think the passage of the bill and bestowment of the money appropriated would have a demoralizing effect upon the spirit of the Southern States especially, who are now doing so nobly for the education of their children under such a struggle as they have been called in the Providence of God to make.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., May 7.

A. J. RUSSELL.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I heartily approve the general principles of the Blair Bill as it passed the Senate recently. The distribution to the States in proportion to illiteracy is right in principle. 1. I have no doubt about the constitutionality of the measure. In some form or other, the general Government has always aided States to endow their school systems; sometimes it has given lands and sometimes money, with conditions annexed. Surely now, in an emergency, and in the light of the history of the last twenty-five years, it is not unconstitutional to use any funds in the United States Treasury not otherwise appropriated to help the Southern States carry their great burden, and prepare the Negroes for citizenship, provided it is done through State systems. I say Southern States and Negroes, because if it were not for the Negroes this help would be neither proposed nor wanted. 2. I think some of the provisions objectionable, but if they cannot now be eliminated, still the passage of the bill is desirable. If a trial should emphasize these objectionable features, future legislation could amend the law. Many of the Southern States cannot now provide such educational facilities as are demanded for the safety of our Government, State as well as National; hence the importance of this help now. Northern people ought not only to recognize it as a duty to extend this help, but they ought

to trust the South in this school work because of what she has already done in this direction, if not for other reasons.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 3.

S. M. FINGER.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

1. The question of constitutionality has, it seems to me, passed beyond the reach of any save those who have become experts in handling such questions. When the best legal and legislative talent in the country take squarely opposite grounds, it is not for the ordinary lay mind to enter a judgment. My simple opinion about the matter is, that it, as I believe to be the fact, some such action is not only desirable but essential to the best interests of the nation, a legitimate way can and will be found to carry it out. 2. Whether or not this particular bill is just what is needed is questionable; but that *some* form of National aid, so distributed as to go where it is needed, and so conditioned as to stimulate and *not* deaden local interest and effort, and so guarded as to ensure its intended effect, is in my mind a fact that will call for action until it is satisfied.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 30.

THOS. B. STOCKWELL.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regard the Bill as constitutional, and deem its passage desirable as a means to intellectual and moral culture; and indispensable for the preservation of the Republic and constitutional liberty.

JOHN SLAUGHTER.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TER., May 3.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Reflection has made me decidedly opposed to the bill. I think such a thing never was contemplated by the Constitution of the United States. It is a blow at home rule, and really in its tendency communistic; besides, it is putting a premium on illiteracy and local neglect of education.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 5.

WM. T. WELCKER.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Having been a member of the Committee appointed by the National Association of School Superintendents last March to urge Senators and Representatives to support the Blair Bill, it is scarcely necessary for me to state that I believe in said bill. Many of the ablest lawyers in Ohio consider this bill constitutional, and I deem its passage desirable for the following reasons:—1. Without national aid a *system* of public schools will be impossible in several of the Southern States, at least for many years to come. 2. The colored children of the South are wards of the Nation, and in a measure will remain such until the effects of slavery have been largely removed. 3. In the Northern States ready use can be made of all funds that may be given by the National Government for education. In Ohio, for instance, this money is needed for State normal schools, none of which have yet been established in this State.

COLUMBUS, O., May 5.

LE ROY D. BROWN.

To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am hardly prepared to venture an opinion upon the Blair Bill, but have made some investigation and have examined its provisions. As to its being constitutional, it seems to me to be fully as much so as many bills that have passed both houses of Congress and have become laws. If the financial or commercial needs of the States are proper subjects for legislation, certainly the educational demands are of as great importance. If the general Government can, without violation of the Constitution, improve the rivers and harbors of the States, mere channels of commerce, certainly the sand-bars of ignorance and the snags of prejudice are fit subjects for governmental solicitude and care. It is true that education, of itself, does not make the good citizen, and on the other hand the want of it does not necessarily a bad citizen; yet the general proposition that the educated man makes the better citizen is uncontested. Good citizens are necessary to good government, and educated citizens are generally good citizens; hence it follows that if we desire a good government we must have educated citizens. The duty of the Government then seems plain. To educate, by whatever means it possesses, becomes a paramount duty. The presence of vast numbers of ignorant men is a menace to free institutions, and the employment of money to overcome this ignorance is necessary for the preservation of the State. If the local State Governments are incompetent, the general Government must undertake it. Local governments have failed. . . .

Nebraska was admitted to the Union some years after the close of the War. It was universally believed to be a part of the Great American Desert, and so far as apparent resources were concerned, it was. To-day we have a population of more than a half-million, and there is not a hamlet in the State that does not support a school for three months at least. The people are willing to tax themselves for schools, and do so without murmur. We raise nearly \$2,000,000 by direct taxation. Our schools are in a healthful condition, and the first demand of the new settler, after his sod house is built, is for a sod-school-house. Our people did not come to the State with great amounts of wealth. They had their bare hands and a wagon-load of household 'plunder.' All they now have they have accumulated from the soil. That soil was an unbroken wilderness when they took possession. To-day we have 5000 school-houses, though in 1870 we did not have 500. The settlers desired education for their numerous children, and to desire was to achieve. We stand to-day at the head of the States, having the lowest percentage of ignorant people.

When Nebraska was a wilderness, the home of prowling bands of Sioux and Pawnees, the South was peopled with an intelligent class and an ignorant one. True, their available resources were exhausted by war, but their lands were as fertile as ever; their natural resources were greater than Nebraska's can ever be; they had timber, mines, a genial climate and a fruitful soil. Why have they accomplished no more in the direction of educational development? It seems patent that they did not desire this development. Do they desire it to-day? Are they able, by putting forth proper efforts, to accomplish it? If they do not desire it, there can be nothing gained by forcing it upon them by national legislation. If they *do* desire it, and are willing to put forth some personal effort and to make sacrifices for it, I feel warranted in saying that Nebraska is ready and willing to extend a helping hand, and will say to them, 'Come up higher.'

The amount proposed is trifling when compared to the wealth of the Nation, and if this surplus in the Treasury will serve a good purpose in helping those who most need help, let it be given and let the Nation stand ready to give a 'hundred millions more.'

LINCOLN, NEB., May 5.

W. W. W. JONES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have not examined the Blair Bill with reference to its constitutionality. I believe that its passage would be attended with the worst possible results.

AUSTIN, TEX., May 3.

B. M. BAKER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

While I do not know whether the Blair Bill is constitutional or not, and while Iowa will receive less than any other State in the Union, I sincerely hope the bill will pass. All of my teachers and myself are decidedly in favor of it, and in sympathy with it. I feel proud of my native State, to think she has so far-seeing and liberal a Senator as Mr. Blair to introduce the bill and fight for its passage.

DES MOINES, IOWA, May 3.

L. M. WILSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I heartily favor the passage of the Blair Bill.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., April 30.

SOL. PALMER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have studied the Blair Bill and similar educational bills carefully for the last six years. I have appeared before several Senatorial and House Committees in advocacy of the measure. I have not the slightest doubt that it is both constitutional and desirable.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 4.

M. A. NEWELL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I like Senator Blair's bill, and hope it may become a law. Am only sorry that so small a proportion of the amount would come to our Territory, since our population was so small in 1880. It will hardly be fair to new countries like Montana. We ought to have some national aid, since we have no money for support of schools except what comes by direct and voluntary taxation. We get not one cent from our school lands, even. I regard the bill as constitutional, so far as I understand it, and hope it may become a law—unless we can get something that would be more just for our Territory.

BOZEMAN, MONT., May 10.

W. W. WYLIE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regard the bill in question as constitutional, and deem its passage desirable. I was the first mover on this line in the South, and have repeatedly been before committees of Congress. Senator Blair quoted a fifteen minutes' talk of mine on this subject when speaking on the first bill which passed the Senate.

ATLANTA, GA., May 6.

GUSTAVUS J. ORR.

Mr. Charles D. Hine, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, writes that he regards the bill as unconstitutional. His experience as an educationist leads him to believe its passage undesirable.

CITY SUPERINTENDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Without entering into any argument as to the constitutionality of the bill, which is a debatable question, I deem the passage of such a measure as a dangerous precedent—in fact, a precedent that should be avoided in every respect. When honest men owe a debt, they work to pay it off. Why a Government should pursue any other policy, I cannot understand. So let the surplus revenue be kept for the same purpose. The educational sentiment of any people must be a healthy, natural growth.

A false stimulus will do little good, and, if indulged in, certainly will not overbalance the evils that will inevitably follow from opening the way to raids on the United States Treasury. Should the bill become a law, the schools in this city might be continued four days longer the first year after the distribution. I figured out our proportion, and four days would exhaust our portion of the 'raids.'

The false alarm raised, that the Negro is a menace to good government, is a subterfuge. The entire history of the Negro race in this country disproves the assertion. He is dependent, kind-hearted and trustful, and certainly is not the character to plot rebellion, anarchy, communism, etc. If let alone, he will work out his own salvation in this country. If Congress passes the bill, I sincerely hope the President will veto it.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 10.

J. M. GREENWOOD.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

1. The bill is constitutional. The Government has often distributed its property among the States. This no one who knows the history of his country will deny. It has also repeatedly directed the States as to the use of the gifts. The power to make a gift and the power to direct the application of the gift are the questions involved in that of constitutionality. 2. It is desirable. The nation made 4,000,000 illiterate citizens. It should take an active part in preparing them for the duties of citizenship.

TOPEKA, KAN., May 3.

D. C. TILLOTSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am in favor of the Blair Bill. If the illiteracy of the South be removed at all, it must be by Governmental aid. I have no doubt but that the bill would stand the constitutional test.

CARSON CITY, NEV., May 5.

C. I. YOUNG.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regard the bill as constitutional, and deem its passage desirable.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 3.

E. B. NEEDY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I doubt the constitutionality of the bill. If there was a surplus in the federal Treasury, the question of the constitutional power to divide it among the States would probably not be raised, since there is a precedent for so doing. The nation (being in debt) ought not to give the people's money away in view of the fact that the general Government cannot follow the gift and enforce its distribution or application as required by the Blair Bill because it has not constitutionally the power of supervision. The making of the bill operative must tend to centralize power in the federal authorities, while I believe that the rapidly increasing local populations demand the training and practice of the people in local self-government. I consider the gift to the States as tending to demoralize their present comparatively economic school system, which, growing up amid trials and tribulations, has adapted itself to the situation; for the instruction of the illiterate should be fitted to their needs, and their education should be made as practical as possible. In the South, among the illiterate, a thorough grounding in the simpler ele-

ments is best. The mass of them in this generation will there stop, while provision may be made for the few who are eager for higher instruction. Illiteracy is largely inherited, and cannot as a rule be stamped out by the sudden expansion of a slow-growing school system into a higher application. Such children weary of a too great and a too sudden pressure, and do not respond to the opportunity gratefully. The illiterate—so called—are often very bright in the directions in which they have been trained by habit and necessity. They are dull and indifferent in the matter of book-learning, and they need to be cultivated or coaxed gradually into a taste for it. I think the Blair Bill would encourage extravagant methods born of a sense of obligation on the part of the States receiving the money, and much ill-directed effort might result. Had the Blair Bill become law at the close of the War, no constitutional objections would have bothered legislators, so far as the South was concerned; for she was too prostrate to raise her voice against a measure designed so largely for her relief.

KEY WEST, FLA., May 8.

HORATIO CRAIN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

1. After considering the arguments offered to show the unconstitutionality of the Blair Bill, I am unable, as a layman, to see their force. 2. I am unreservedly in favor of the passage of the bill.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 5.

S. A. ELLIS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

We are without a superintendent of schools—in fact, never had one, consequently everything directed to such a person is given to the Secretary of Board of Instruction. I have held this position for a dozen years. Soon after the above mentioned bill was introduced, I was requested to circulate a petition favoring the same, but I declined. I am not in favor of the passage of the bill, and have doubts of its constitutionality.

PORSCOMTH, N. H., April 30.

JOHN PENDER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

1. I consider the Blair Bill entirely constitutional upon the same ground that internal improvements and the support of the Army and Navy are constitutional, or the gifts of public lands that have been made. 2. I deem its passage desirable as a cure for illiteracy. If it had been passed twenty years ago, the Carrollton massacre would have been hardly possible. . . . It was nothing less than a great national crime to enfranchise the slaves, and put into their hands the dangerous weapon of the ballot without at the same time teaching them how to use it. So far from retarding local exertion, the bill would greatly stimulate it by revealing the advantages of better schools. The field of possible improvement in the schools is not likely to be soon covered, and thus the necessity for exertion removed; for even in the most favored localities, the public schools stand in need of doubling their present efficiency.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 1.

GEO. A. LITTLEFIELD.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regard the Blair Bill as constitutional and desirable. Unless some help is afforded by the general Government, the ballot must be taken from the ignorant blacks, or the form of republicanism will be changed in this country within the next half-century.

ATLANTA, GA., May 7.

W. F. SLATON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am heartily in favor of the passage of Senator Blair's bill. I know something of the condition of affairs at the South, and believe this is the only way in which, at the present time, the foundation of popular education can be laid. I believe the bill to be constitutional, because the same principle is involved as in the donation of public lands for school purposes, from which Minnesota will some day derive great benefit.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 5.

B. F. WRIGHT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

At the first introduction of the Blair Bill, and when a similar bill was proposed by Mr. Hoar, previously, I was strongly in favor of that legislation; and until quite recently I had no misgivings about it. It has never seemed to me that there is any more difficulty about its constitutionality than there is in granting public lands for education. Since the recent discussions I

begin to doubt the desirability of passing this or any similar bill. For more than twenty years the South has been working out its own salvation. It has done nobly in establishing schools. It appears to me that more good comes to that section of our country by this effort at self-help, than would come to it by the distribution of the millions. I am coming to feel more and more that in education, as in everything else, what one wants and gets for himself is worth more than what comes as a gift in some sense. It will not require more sacrifice in the South to maintain good schools than it has required in the North and West. If the South does not desire the education of both white and black sufficiently to make this effort, then they will not be likely to wisely expend the millions.

WORCESTER, MASS., May 11.

A. P. MARBLE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I think the bill is constitutional, but deem its passage undesirable.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 30.

H. S. TARBELL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It is constitutional, just as it is constitutional to improve rivers and harbors, appropriating money therefor; and it is a higher plane of public good than commercial improvements.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., May 4.

I. N. MITCHELL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am heartily in favor of the Blair Bill. From the fact that so many eminent lawyers of the Senate voted for the bill, I should think it constitutional. I think the passage of the bill desirable, because I believe its effect will be greatly to lessen the alarming illiteracy of the South. I believe that it is better to lessen this illiteracy than it is to deepen the Mississippi River.

TOLEDO, O., May 3.

JNO. W. DOWD.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have not given the matter you speak of any attention, and do not therefore feel able to give any opinion.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 3.

WILLIAM HYDE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am in favor of the essence of the Blair Bill, better put in Senate Bill 152, introduced into the 49th Congress, first session, Dec. 8th, 1885, and referred to and buried by Mr. Blair's Committee—a bill that covers all essential points, and is less voluminous than the Blair Bill, and tolerably satisfactory to all parties. It is constitutional, and (with modifications) desirable.

DENVER, CO., May 3.

AARON GOVE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It is undoubtedly constitutional, being for the public welfare; and I deem its passage desirable.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 1.

WM. J. DAVIS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regret that I have not been able to give the Blair Bill and its progress that careful attention which would warrant an opinion upon either of the points mentioned.

NASHUA, N. H., May 3.

F. KELSEY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

'Yes,' to both your questions.

MOBILE, ALA., May 14.

E. R. DICKSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The opinions expressed in the Senate have left no doubt in my mind as to the bill's constitutionality. The objections raised and the dangers pointed out are not serious enough to overpower the pressing need existing in the South to-day for some kind of Government aid. The common school facilities there are quite insufficient for the white population; how then can they compass the necessities of the freedmen's children? Thousands of blacks are in worse degradation than when in slavery. This is the candid opinion of Southern men who have made a study of the matter. At the late meeting of School Superintendents held in Washington, most of the Southern States were represented by men of known conviction and honesty. They were almost unanimous in declaring that the urgency is very great. The dangers incident to the disbursement of so large a sum should be offset by

as many checks as possible. Every dollar should be made to do its legitimate work. The chances of fraud and waste are certainly no greater than in other forms of expenditure.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., May 10.

S. T. DUTTON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regard the bill as constitutional and deem its passage desirable.

OSHKOSH, WIS., May 20.

C. R. NEVITT, JR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The bill has been a matter of profound consideration in my hands. I have read the speeches of its friends and enemies, and investigated the consequences of its passage into a law; and I am fully convinced that it can result in no possible harm to North or South, and that all of its features will work a common good. We tax-payers of the South greatly desire the burden of the colored illiteracy to be lifted or lightened on our shoulders. It is overwhelming, and the South is breaking down under it, and I regard the Blair Bill as a godsend in that direction.

AUGUSTA, GA., May 1.

LAWTON B. EVANS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

From all that I can learn of Senator Blair's educational bill, I am not disposed to deem its passage desirable. States, like individuals, that depend upon the public purse are not inclined to make any effort for themselves. I am not yet satisfied that the measure would be a blessing to the States affected.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 1.

A. W. EDSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I regard the bill as within the spirit of the Constitution, and deem its passage quite desirable. Education is cheaper than ignorance. The protection of our Government calls for this measure.

COLUMBUS, O., May 1.

R. W. STEVENSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am decidedly in favor of the bill, and have no constitutional objections to it. We who are connected with the schools in Virginia have signed petitions to Congress in favor of it several times. Hon. J. L. M. Curry, our present Minister to Madrid, was one of the first advocates of the bill before a Committee of Congress.

RICHMOND, VA., May 1.

E. M. GARNETT.

A City Superintendent in the South says that, while he does not regard the bill as constitutional, he deems its passage a simple act of justice to the 'reconstructed' States. Another writes:—'I neither consider the bill constitutional nor deem its passage desirable. The "general welfare" clause of the Constitution was never intended to justify the passage of such a measure. The people of the several States will be much more benefited by making the effort to educate themselves than they would be by acquiring the means of doing so from the general Government. Making the effort to accomplish the purpose, which is now being successfully done, is an education in itself, and its beneficial influence upon the people should not be lost.'

A FEW GOVERNORS HEARD FROM.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

There are two objections to the bill that are paramount and absolutely forbid my assent to it:—1. The authority to collect money by way of taxation is found in Section 8 Article 1 of the Constitution. It reads: 'To lay and collect taxes, duties, imports and excises to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States.' Mind you, it is not that they shall have power to levy taxes, *and* power to pay debts, etc., but power to levy taxes *to* pay debts, etc. The clause 'and provide for the general welfare' does not mean that Congress is to be the judge of what is for the general welfare, but when it is proposed to legislate for the general welfare, the purpose must be traceable to some one of the express grants of power or duty devolved, to be found in the Constitution. 'The Government of the United States is one of enumerated powers, the national Constitution being the instrument which specifies them, and in which authority should be found for the exercise of any power which the National Government assumes to possess' (Chief Justice Marshall). If the 'general welfare' clause is indepen-

dent of, and should stand separated from, the power to levy taxes, and if it will sustain the claim of constitutional authority for the Blair bill, then Congress can constitutionally say what class of men and women may, and what class shall not, leave a posterity behind them.

2. The precedent is a pernicious one, and would be seized upon by Congress hereafter as authority for the exercise of any power that fanaticism or foolishness might suggest. The Supreme Court, in the slaughter-house cases, says that Congress has no power to establish police regulations in the States. If there is no authority to establish police regulations, would it not seem that power to tax the people for educational purposes is lacking? Senators, in the argument upon this bill, have not been able to find any authority for it beyond mere precedent in what they say are analogous cases. Each member must be his own judge of what the Constitution is.

Take the money and pay the nation's debts; disgorge the treasury; reduce taxation; and Senators and Members of the House will find other employment than constantly scheming to see how the surplus money can be disposed of. If the Blair Bill should become a law (or take the shape of a law, for law it can never be) during my term of office, I would feel it my bounden duty to recommend the rejection of the tempting bait. No language can adequately portray my abhorrence at the idea of the agent of the States robbing the people, and then turning round and giving back part of it in a paternal spirit.

JNO. IRELAND, Governor.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 10.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

While the object of the Blair educational bill is praiseworthy, I am not prepared to say that the precedent established by the appropriation is a wise one. I have not considered the matter carefully enough to give a decided opinion upon it, but I do not regard the bill as unconstitutional.

GILBERT A. PIERCE, Governor.

BISMARCK, DAK., May 3.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am directed by the Governor to say in reply to your inquiry as to what he thinks of Senator Blair's bill to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools, that he has not considered the question of constitutionality, being opposed to the measure on general principles.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 4. S. JENNISON, Private Secretary.

Reviews

"England's Chronicle in Stone."*

THIS is a unique book, both written and made by a loving hand. With pen and pencil, without haste yet without rest, it has grown to its fair proportions during a dozen years. It is not the product of the study only. There is no smell of indoors about it. It has the freshness of labor and joy under the blue sky. Descriptions are from notes made on the spot. The eye that looks has been trained to see. A profoundly appreciative mind has gathered and absorbed the material. The ties which bind an American to the past of the mother-country are clearly discerned. With far more exact knowledge of English history than Hawthorne possessed, this patient walker over the ground of 'Our Old Home' tells the story of our fathers over sea. Mr. Hunnewell has reproduced in the volume before us the gray text of English history as it is seen in her architectural monuments from Stonehenge to the great residences of modern England. Yet he has not forgotten the bright daisies, the green ivy and the red-berried holly which beautify it. He has studied books, but more also buttresses and transepts, doors and windows, crypts and ceilings, naves and choirs. There is not a trace of the flavor of red books—Murray's or Baedeker's; yet this is just the book for leisurely tourists who want to see England's cathedrals. Many a trunk and bag of our fellow-Americans will import it into the Queen's island-dominions. It is one of the many handbooks portraying the ideal, historic, or literary side of England,

* The Imperial Island. England's Chronicle in Stone. By James F. Hunnewell, Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

which, nowadays, even Britons confess are made best in this country. The wealth of heliotropic illustrations and ground-floor plans enable the author to keep his text clear of technical description, and the book can be read and enjoyed by common folk without an architect's dictionary. Whether as an aid to culture, a delightful hand- and field-book for the tourist, an introduction to the study of British architecture—whether for the student of history or for general reading, we heartily commend this enjoyable volume.

John Burroughs on "Signs and Seasons." *

THE poetic observer of nature is fast becoming a phenomenon of the times. As the vireo builds its nest on the extreme tip of a limb, so the poet-naturalist builds his at the extreme tip of the century, its last outgrowth and culmination, its artful and most exquisite product. Short-memoried people, whose Shakespeare slips from their mind like water-drops from a duck, imagine that nature-worship came in with Rousseau and the passionate apostrophes of the 'Nouvelle Héloïse'; that it then shot right and left through the souls of St. Pierre and Chateaubriand, fecundating Jean Paul, igniting Gilbert White of Selborne, and thence on down through the Ruskins and Thoreaus to our time. But do not the very stone-pines and grasshoppers of Theocritus cry out in indignation, and the susurru of Vergilian Eclogues and Georgics whisper nay? The poet who sung the *arma virumque cano* had piped Arcadian measures centuries before the Alpine dews and storms and sunshine had gathered that grew to an incarnation in Rousseau. Rousseau was a spirit of æolian sensibilities—a soul spread like a huge harp-triangle to every trembling breath that blew; and his power of expression was so great that it rang to the deepest recesses of the heart of his time and seemed to wake it as never before; but Jean Jacques no more discovered nature than the human eye invented the humming-bird. The silver stinging quality of his voice made it penetrate like some melodious acid, and spread like some inundating light: it thrilled with the passion for nature: it was Switzerland, surcharged with beauty, turning uneasily in her sleep, full of musical cries and awakened susceptibilities, more eloquently articulate than she had ever been before, more 'wreaked upon expression' than in all the sleeping ages before. But that is all.

Charming as are the Georgics of Vergil and the botany of the 'Confessions,' we for our part prefer the vireo who has built its nest in the outer branches of the Nineteenth Century—our own John Burroughs. In this last book of his—"Signs and Seasons"—we catch his ripest utterance, his sunniest philosophy, his pleasantest imagery. It is singular how alive all out-of-doors is to him. Most of us walk all our lives like sealed-up envelopes, with the scales on our eyes, with a membrane over our spirits, and far below grovels the little winking and blinking intelligence that we possess, utterly unconscious of the illuminated world outside of it. We look at these mighty springs of ours, and triumphant autumns, entirely unaware of the myriad life and death—bird-life, animal life, arborescent life—that stirs in them; till one day a seer comes along with as many eyes as a spider, and sets us all agog with his revelations. Then every tree becomes an inhabited world; the Virginia creeper at our windows is transformed into a Jacob's-ladder swarming with ascending and descending existences; the wheat-fields sparkle with living gauze and coleopterous populations that we had not dreamed of; the void night becomes a panorama and passion-play of innumerable parturition, and every grass-blade is sown with seminiferous atoms. Of such seers is John Burroughs. Devoted as we are to the sea in all its phases, we had not dreamed so beautiful a dream of it as he gives us in 'A Salt Breeze.' Brought up among the long-leaved pines, 'A Spray of Pine' put us in telephonic

communication with Old Rosin Bow himself. 'A River View' is a delicious study of the Hudson translated into terms of crystal. The crystallography of a winter's day has never been more delicately and poetically studied than in this chapter. But what to us is the most remarkable feature of the book is the amount of condensed information and observation which it contains about birds, their loves, sorrows and tragedies. And all this is invested with such human interest by its playful humor and tender pathos, its epigram and its versatility of fancy, that one slips on from line to line and chapter to chapter lost in pleasure at the full feast and crowding dishes. And the author winds up toward the close with a bitter cry at the Bartholomew massacre of the innocents, at the Medusas who walk our streets with the skeletons of lovely songsters impaled upon their gorgon-locks, at the barbarous egg-collectors and bird-crucifiers who are literally silencing the music of the woods. Away with the avicides!

Daudet's "Tartarin in the Alps." *

ALPHONSE DAUDET was travelling with Edmond de Goncourt in the south of France in 1884. They dined in a castle by the Rhone, and Daudet bravely appointed Tarascon as their next place of meeting. Thereupon one of the company related how a commercial traveller, who had thought it funny to subscribe himself in a Tarasconese hotel as Alphonse Daudet, narrowly escaped with his life to the railway station, under the escort of six policemen. The Tarasconese hates Daudet, as the Creole hates Cable, for picturing him as the Southron he is—noisy, expansive, easily moved, familiar, pretentious, boastful—a hail-fellow-well-met, and a dupe of his own imagination. But Daudet, nothing daunted, did not hesitate to divert the thoughts of his countrymen from the Tonquin misadventure last year with a second volume of Tartarin's exploits. The Tarasconese have been through the war; they have organized clubs for physical culture; and Tartarin, who is fifteen years older than when he slew lions on the Mustaphan hill, instead of resting on his laurels becomes president of an Alpine club, whose thrilling Sunday-morning adventures are duly recorded in the local newspaper, *The Forum*. Costecalde, the armorer, cannot sleep for envy of Tartarin's glory; and as he aspires to the latter's elevated position, Tartarin resolves to ascend the Jungfrau. He is referred to a guide whose excursions in the Alps and the Himalayas have made him famous, and finds, when he meets him at the Tellspalte Hotel, that it is none other than his old friend Bompard, formerly manager of the club—a good fellow, but afflicted with fabulous imagination that prevented his saying a word of truth and had won for him at Tarascon the surname of the Impostor—"Impostor at Tarascon, think of it!" Tartarin confesses to Bompard that though he did not quake with fear on encountering African lions or German Krupps, he has been fearful of the Alps ever since he saw in the Rigi Hotel a drawing by Doré of four tourists falling over a precipice.

'What a strange country is Switzerland,' says Tartarin. 'Oh, yes,' answers Bompard. 'In the first place, there is no Switzerland. Switzerland at the present time, Mr. Tartarin, is nothing but a vast Kursaal, open from June to September—a panoramic casino, visited by people from the five parts of the world, and owned by a company that is worth hundreds of millions of milliards.' And he goes on estimating the cost of the glaciers, the cascades, the steep hills that are manufactured expressly for English and American tourists. Then he counts on his fingers the different rôles that he has played in three years: guide in the Oberland, horn-player in the Alps, old chamois hunter, old soldier of the guard of Charles X., Protestant pastor on the summits of mountains. And Tartarin, who has al-

* *Signs and Seasons.* By John Burroughs. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* *Tartarin sur les Alpes. Nouveaux Exploits du Héros Tarasconais. Illustré d'Aquarelles.* Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

ready heard from others that William Tell is a myth, is not discomfited when told that if he falls into an abyss he will alight on soft snow, and be carefully brushed by an attendant, who will say politely, 'Any baggage, sir?' And then comes a brilliant description of the Jungfrau in its majestic severity; while Tartarin laughs, jests and winks knowingly at the guides, that they may see he is not a victim of the make-believe. At Chamouni he meets Bompard, who brings him back to the matter-of-fact world; but while Tartarin is trembling with retrospective fear, news comes that Coscalde has projected an expedition up Mount Blanc, and Tartarin resolves to precede him in the company of Bompard and a lackadaisical Swede who talks of suicide while they are desperately clinging to a rope in an abyss. When Tartarin and Bompard realize each other's danger, the same thought occurs to both—to separate, and the rope that holds them is cut at a single blow. Bompard rolls down to Chamouni, Tartarin on the other side to Piedmont. Bompard is the first to arrive at Tarascon, where he relates the tragic death of Tartarin, giving in evidence 'a fragment of a jaw-bone, a shred of a waistcoat, and a pair of buckles.' His hearers are unable to restrain their emotion, 'and from the eyes of the gravest persons, Cambalotte the notary and Dr. Tournatoire, fall tears as large as decanter corks.'

Tartarin comes in. 'Vé, Tartarin!' 'Té, Bompard!' And the Tarasconese are so accustomed to the most improbable stories that the appearance of the man whose fragments lay on the presiding officer's table causes little astonishment. The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated by the Guillaume process, which reproduces aquarelles and drawings in sepia with wonderful fidelity.

The Storrs Family.*

THE Storrs family are very ably commemorated in this handsome volume by the late Charles Storrs of Brooklyn, who died in 1884. A fine portrait of the author faces the title-page. The name of Storrs is said to have been of Norse or Scandinavian origin. Among the various spellings and corruptions we notice those of Stoures, Stur, Storer, and Storyes. Seventy-two pages are devoted to the branches of the English family. Especially interesting are the ancient wills of the English Storrses. The arms and tabular pedigrees of several of these are given. William Storrs (1557) bequeaths to his daughter Elizabeth 'vij gymbre sheipe,' said to mean 'sheep never yet shorn.' We should like to know whether this word still survives in Pennsylvania, in the expression *gimber-jawed*, referring to a large projecting under-jaw. *Gimber*, in this instance, seems to signify an unsymmetrical—*i.e.*, unshorn—jaw. It is not in Worcester or Webster or any of the dictionaries we have examined. A letter of William Penn, son of the eminent Quaker, on page 54, is of interest to Pennsylvanians, as letters of this member of the Penn family are not common. The unusual Christian name of Cordall, or Cordial, in the English stock as early as 1615 is repeated in the American family from before 1700 to the present day. The long continuance of some singular Christian names in New England often extends over a period of three centuries. We call to mind a similar instance in that of a recent Pardon Tillinghast, presumably a lineal descendant of the Pardon Tillinghast of Elizabeth's reign. The American Storrses descend from Samuel, fourth child of Thomas and Mary Storrs, of Sutton-cum-Lound, Nottinghamshire, baptized Dec. 7, 1640, who came to Barnstable, Mass., in 1666. There are many biographical sketches in this volume, including one of the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the most eminent member of the family. An excellent index of personal names ends the work, which would be still more complete with an index of places and general subjects.

* The Storrs Family. Genealogical and other Memoranda, Collected and Compiled by Charles Storrs. New York: Privately Printed.

Recent Fiction.

MR. BUNNER has given us in 'The Midge' (Charles Scribner's Sons) a dainty, fascinating and original little story. 'The Midge' herself, as a heroine, belongs to a not unfamiliar class: the fantastic, inexplicable young Bohemian, half child, half woman, astonishing you one moment by her extraordinary precocity, and the next by her supernatural ignorance and innocence, but always interesting. Out of this conventional type of the unconventional young girl, Mr. Bunner has created, however, a heroine as original in her way as if Dickens and Bret Harte had not long ago loved and studied the same model. 'The Midge' is indeed a delightful creation. The basis of the story is well-nigh as slight as it could be, and the superstructure is proportionately airy. The final test of a book is the mood it leaves you in. This one holds you with amused interest while you read it, and leaves you with a feeling that you are not quite done with it when you have finished the story. You will drop it in your lap with a quiet sense of satisfaction, and find yourself musing on the sweetness of living, the delight of loving, the abiding joy of living and loving worthily. You will think for the moment more tenderly of your friends' frailties, and less tenderly of your own. You will wish you had written the book yourself; and you will not know for which you are most grateful to the author: for his delicate humor, or for the moralities without a definite moral which underlie his humor.

'A VICTORIOUS DEFEAT,' by Wolcott Balestier (Harper), is certainly a unique little story, admirably written, with spirit, freshness, and strength, although with a plot so singular that one hardly credits it, even as picture of strange beliefs and practises in a religious community. The scene is laid among the Moravians in Pennsylvania, years ago. The battle and the victory and the defeat are all mental and moral adventures, and there is very subtle ingenuity and power in the study of a curious phase of mental conflict. There is also much grace and prettiness in the story, which is at once thoughtful and picturesque.—'TWO ARROWS,' by William O. Stoddard (Harper), is another of the capital stories for boys issued in the Young People Series. 'Two Arrows' is a spirited Indian lad, and the scene is laid in that Far West which is justly called far, since however far westward you journey, 'the West' seems always as distant as ever. Incidentally, a fine plea is made for boys and girls to take a practical interest in the education of the young Indians.—'NEXT DOOR,' by Clara Louise Burnham (Ticknor), is a pleasant little story of the amiably diverting kind that revolves around the eccentricities of a rustic maiden aunt. It deals, of course, with the love trials of several people next door to each other, and although it seems a little trivial just after laying down 'John Bodewin's Testimony,' for instance, it will do very well for an afternoon on a piazza.—CHRISTIE MURRAY'S charming 'Aunt Rachel,' a rustic sentimental comedy much more enjoyable than the average three-volume novel, is wisely included in Harper's Handy Series.

The Lounger

THE Chicago *News* having claimed the poem 'Leonanie' for James Whitcomb Riley, *The Sunday Critic*, of Logansport, Ind., comes forward with a declaration that the thing is really a parody of a parody. I can well believe it. A version still more vapid than the one printed in these columns some weeks ago is given as the original, and it is said that Riley himself afterwards altered it to meet the needs of a resident of Kokomo who had given the name of Leonanie to a daughter born shortly after the poem appeared. The child died when a year old, and the author sought to comfort the bereaved parent by parodying his own parody of Poe. How true this is, I do not know. The Hoosier poet seems to be highly thought of in the West. 'A few years ago,' says the Logansport journal referred to above, 'he was painting signs for Major Blowney in this city, in a shop on the site where the Tribune store now stands. A year or two before that he was travelling with Hamlin's Wizard Oil crowd, singing songs, playing the organ, and otherwise entertaining crowds on street corners.' He could hardly have had better training for the composition of such a work of art as 'Leonanie.' Just now he is 'lecturing' with Bill Nye.

MONS. PASTEUR is quoted as saying that he has many times noticed a marked improvement in the general health, weight and condition of persons who have been inoculated after having been bitten by rabid animals. The famous chemist has a most

persuasive tongue; yet there is little danger that any one in a decline will ask a mad dog to bite him, with a view to the improvement in his general health toward which this would be the first step. It may be that 'it is only the first step that costs'; but in this case the cost of the initial step is excessive enough to appal the stoutest heart. Concurrently with this invitation to come and be bitten, a paragraph is going the rounds of the press in which Dr. William Lohman, of Baltimore, is given as authority for the statement that hydrophobia is a disease of the imagination—that idiots and infants never have it, and never can have it.

A CHICAGOAN has been to Boston and taken the measure of the literary folk who make the Hub their home. 'He found them narrow in mind and dwarfed in ideas,' he tells a writer for the Chicago *News*, 'and very unresponsive.' 'They were forever sitting in judgment upon other men. Their court was always in session.' One day it met at the house of a 'dear friend' of the visitor, and the latter was invited to attend. This invitation was procured 'with great difficulty'; and the Chicagoan remarks, parenthetically, that if she had known that her friend had to get permission for her to be present, she would have remained away. It was 'quite a representative gathering of Boston *literati*', she was told. 'It was the most dismal formal affair I ever attended. . . . I was blissfully ignorant of all the divinity which surrounded the old frumps, and before I had been there ten minutes I had shocked them all beyond expression.' She much prefers the writers of New York, even though 'the commercial spirit predominates among them.'

A BROOKLYN bard finds 'usual' an unusually useful word. In a recent spring poem he makes it rhyme with 'full,' 'dull,' and 'musical.' Such a free spirit as this would only be hampered by the rules of rhyme laid down in Tom Hood's 'Rhymester.' But he is no worse an offender in this respect than the great English poet who couples 'swelling' with 'Helvellyn,' and 'sullen' with 'culling.'

'HAVING put its hand to the plow, *The Star* will follow the business to the end, undeterred by libel suits or threats.' Here's a state of things! A star, with its hand on a plow (instead of on its heart) declares its intention of following, not the furrow, but the 'business' to the end, undeterred by 'libel suits or threats.' What a tangle of meteor and metaphor! 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' said Emerson; but who ever advised an editor to hitch his star to a plow?

'I NEVER nursed a dear [ghazel], but a rhyming correspondent, who has been lured into the wilds of intricate metrical forms, has trapped the following specimen. It is from the German of Platen—'Mein Hertz ist Zerrissen.'

My heart has a blow, thou lovest me not!
Thou lettest me know, thou lovest me not!
Though I kneel to thee, pray to thee? nothing it moves thee,
Though I study love so, thou lovest me not!
Thou hast said it in words, thy words and thy ways—
Too well do they show thou lovest me not!
Why shine the stars, the moon, and the sun?
Their light I forego—thou lovest me not!
Why blooms the narcissus, the jasmine, the rose?
Let them lie low—thou lovest me not!

Dr. Holmes in England.

THERE was a large gathering at the St. George's Club, London, last Monday night, to welcome Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Among those present were United States Minister Phelps, Commissioner Van Wagner, Consul-General Waller, Vice-Consul-General Penfield, James Russell Lowell, R. B. Haldane, M.P.; Charles Palmer, M.P.; John B. White, M.P.; Bret Harte; the Dukes of Argyll, Westminster, and Manchester; Lord Napier; Count Karoly, the Austrian Ambassador; Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer; Sir John Millais, the painter; Henry Irving and John L. Toole, the actors; and Thomas Power O'Connor, the Home Ruler. Many people stayed away, not because they were not eager to pay their respects, but because Dr. Holmes had written to the *Times*, saying that he had been asked by a

gentleman who introduced himself as a member of the Club to visit it as a private guest.

[*The Daily News*, London.]

THE small figure in the armchair, the shrewd, kindly countenance that turned toward us, were not to be mistaken. We stood around him as well as the peculiar arrangement of ship's saloon would permit us to form a semi-circle, and knew without any spoken announcement to that effect that our eyes rested upon Oliver Wendell Holmes. His laugh, which we heard almost as soon as his formal greetings, was hearty and firm, and when he rose to acknowledge the introductions which Mr. Russell made of his visitors, there was no crook in his back nor any resting of nose on chin or chin on breast. Under the circumstances in which, as we presently were told, we found him, most men of his time of life would have been tucked up in the berth or covered up with rugs in a private cabin. But the Professor is not physically, any more than mentally, a common person. He was cheery, brisk, bright, and, though bearing the outward signs of a frosty age, very much alive. With eye undimmed, and natural force but little abated, the clean-shaved face gives the signs of humor and good temper about the mouth an honest chance of doing their appointed duty. The Doctor soon apologized for resuming his seat, explaining that he had had no sleep for several nights, and had until three o'clock that morning struggled, by the aid of medicated cigarettes, against the asthma. Indeed, the evening air caught his breath even as he spoke to us, and rendered further explanation unnecessary. But his manner of telling how much he longed for rest, sleep and quiet was just what you might have expected from the man who told the story of the one-hoss-shay. While a melancholy poet worn out by sleeplessness would have moved you, as he pointed to the restless couch, by the pathetic roll of his eye and the tragic resignation of his attitude, our humorist, on the contrary, rather indicated that it was altogether a droll business to confess to, not to say material, when he had the time, for a comic poem. Still there was a practical touch in it. We were all thirsting to have a word with the distinguished stranger, yet in an instant felt that our chief concern must be to spare him; but of course we soon fell to chatting again, and though his daughter, Mrs. Turner Sargent, had evidently been schooling him to silence, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spoke, and the Doctor, as everybody called him, taking their cue from those in our midst who knew him, heartily thanked the gentlemen who had met him on board his ship.

I might here state that the special tender by which we had steamed forth was chartered by Mr. Russell, but that he had in the most courteous manner given passage to a deputation from the Liverpool Medical Association, consisting of Dr. Burton, Dr. Kelly and Dr. Howie (treasurer). Then there was Mr. Rathbone, of South Kensington, charged with hospitable invitations from Mr. Jowett, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford; Mr. Ruskin; Mr. Flower, Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon; Dr. Liddell, the Dean of Christchurch; Professor Boyd Dawkins, of Owens College; and M. H. Willett, of Brighton, the last-named offering him 'the rest and quiet of a comfortable English home, with occasional trips to nooks and corners of Surrey scenery.' Mr. Edgar P. Rathbone and Mr. H. Rathbone, with their cousin, Mr. E. Rathbone, son of Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., were there to invite the Doctor to sojourn while in Liverpool at Greenbank, the residence of their father, Mr. P. H. Rathbone. The party was completed by Mr. Sewall, U. S. Vice-Consul, who knew the Doctor at Harvard University; Mr. Bullock, representative of the American Exchange in Europe; Mr. Donald Fraser Waterguard, surveyor of H. M. Customs; and Mr. Turnbull. It was at once made known to us that the Doctor had already formed his plans. Fearing the disquiet of Liverpool at the time of a royal visit, he would leave the town at once and go on to a certain quiet and rare old city, about which all the delightful American authors of his school have charmingly written. 'I want to bury myself,' he remarked, with a hearty laugh; 'I want to sleep, and I must have rest.' Then he thanked the deputation. 'It is too much honor,' he said; 'you remind me of the man who deprecated too much fuss about his child's funeral on the plea that it was such a little one.' I dare say this remark, coupled with the fact that the speaker at the moment stood up, induced us to observe that he is small in stature, in figure and in face, though the keen expression of the gray eyes under bushy brows, which, like the hair, are white, told of an inner strength of which the frame is no measure, and his whole bearing, voice, turn of sentence and quick movement betoken one who always keeps the boy's heart within the man. Yet he would like to see Liverpool as it is. He had, however, been to Liver-

pool long years ago, and could remember coming there especially to see and travel in a railway carriage for the first time. Some one volunteered the statement that this must have been in the 30's. 'I should not be surprised,' he answered, dryly, adding: 'And I remember I wrote home a flaming account to my friends about the wonderful novelty of travelling in such a fashion. In those days we thought it was very much like an arrow shot from a bow.'

But the chief officer now came down to say that the special tender must be off, as another tender was waiting, and the Cephalonia had to go into dock while the tide served. At this hint we trooped after the Doctor and the Consul on board our own little craft, the sufferer from asthma wrapping his plaid around him, and thanking the officers of the Cephalonia for their attention before he left the saloon. There was a search to be made for a missing piece of baggage, and when it appeared the familiar initials 'O. W. H.' painted upon it reminded us very agreeably of the combination as we used to welcome it upon many a printed page. From the wheel-house on deck, where the Doctor sat during the short run to the landing-stage, the sights of the Mersey were pointed out by Mr. Sewall, who not only knew his companion as a don at Harvard, but sat under his son's (Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.) professorship, and as the shelter would not contain us all without removing the man at the wheel, and in truth abolishing the wheel itself, we on deck vied with each other in offering attentions to Mrs. Sargent and keeping the poet's luggage company. Meanwhile it had been worked out that the train which would bear the voyagers to their chosen city of refuge left Birkenhead at four o'clock, so on the landing-stage Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Nevis and Mr. Russell got into the latter's carriage and drove up to the Grand Hotel for luncheon. At the appointed time the Doctor and Mrs. Sargent took their departure as arranged, and are now, let us hope, enjoying the quiet which a tedious voyage and persistent asthma have rendered an absolute necessity. Dr. Holmes, after his three or four days' rest, will spend a couple of months in London.

[*The Daily Telegraph, London.*]

It would be a difficult and invidious—and, we are glad to think, therefore, that it is a wholly unnecessary—task to attempt to fix Dr. Holmes's place in the ranks of American men of letters. That, on any reasonable estimate of his claims, his place must be a high one is too clear, we think, for dispute. He possesses what, without disparagement to transatlantic literature, we may say is a rare characteristic among its professors—the quality of originality. The fact that but few of his predecessors or contemporaries can lay claim to this quality is no discredit to them. It is but natural that a literature exposed to such powerful paternal influences as is this young offshoot from the venerable English tree of thought and language should for a long time be imitative, and imitative alone. When we consider how masterfully a great poetic individuality affects all youthful poetic minds within its range, we need not be surprised to see the same phenomenon repeat itself on a national scale, and with the master and the disciples represented respectively by whole communities of men. The test, however, of genius in the individual applies itself pretty speedily with the advance of maturer years. If there is 'anything in' the aspiring bard, he will soon outgrow the influences which did 'his green, unknowing youth engage,' and dare to be himself alone. If there is nothing in him, the echo will remain an echo to the end of his days.

And what is true of the individual is true of the nation. When a genuine literature is destined to grow up among the descendant race, it will, as the term of separate national life extends, begin—among the more vigorous intellects of the race, at any rate—to show signs of emancipation from the influence of the parent stock. Such signs are not wanting in the literature of America, and where they are to be found they are marked enough to afford it the fairest promise of a brilliant future; but as yet it must be owned—it is owned, indeed, by the best American critics themselves—that these signs are comparatively few in number. American writers of distinct and undeniable originality would not take long, even if we combine poets with prose writers, to enumerate. Edgar Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ralph Waldo Emerson—though the claim of the last to originality has been questioned, and his debt to Carlyle for certain qualities of thought, apart from the mode of expression, must be admitted—these would, perhaps, almost exhaust the list of departed American writers who possess the distinction to which we have referred. Pre-eminent among still living litterateurs stand the names of Mr. Lowell and Dr. Holmes—men who combine the culture of the Old World with the indefinable and incommu-

nable spirit of the New. Both alike are masters of our common language, but each is to the tips of his fingers an American of the Americans. Men of such gifts are not produced every day in any country, but the originality, or rather the nationality, which belongs to them will, we doubt not, become a more and more commonly diffused characteristic of their successors when the time comes for the younger of them to hand on the torch which they have so worthily borne.

[*The Pall Mall Gazette.*]

It having come to Mr. Holmes's ears that he might be expected to lecture, he writes in a letter to the Rev. H. R. Haweis:—

I do not visit London with any intention of lecturing. I am fatigued, and absolutely require a change of scene, and rest from mental labor. I shall come to look on and to listen, not bringing any lectures with me—or expecting to write one when in England. At seventy-six years of age I feel as if I had a right to come as an Emeritus lecturer—an unsaddled steed—to graze and roll if I like without feeling bit or halter. Pray let this be understood, as I do not wish to disappoint any friends who may misinterpret the motives which lead me to visit England. It is as a vacation that I think of the few weeks or months I am to spend abroad, and I look forward to social enjoyment as my only serious occupation. Notwithstanding this, we may venture to hope for the sake of Mr. Holmes's numerous friends and admirers, that he will not be too inexorable, and it is already whispered that the committee of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle Street, are anxious to place a Friday evening at his disposal. Fortunately the modest plea that he has no written lecture cannot much avail the readiest impromptu speaker and liveliest wit of America.

The Various Uses of Books.

[*The Spectator.*]

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK's wonder, as expressed in his lecture of last Saturday (January 9) at the Working-men's College, that so little care is given to the selection of books to read, is certainly quite well justified, if one is to regard them only as subjects of genuine study, and not also as equivalents for experience,—a sort of imperfect reflection of the world as it was or is. But in the latter light it is by no means essential that a book should be exactly good, so long as it reflects pretty accurately the ignorance, and prejudices, and errors of the world which it delineates. We want to know something not only of the best men and women living, but of a fair assortment of commonplace men, narrow-minded men, bad men, and even wicked men, so far as we can know what they are like without contagion to ourselves. And so, too, with the same limitations, we want to know not only a good deal of the best books, but something substantial of very second-class or third-class books, if without knowing these we should be in danger of living in an unreal world, and not amongst the often blundering, prejudiced, angry, superstitious, and feeble creatures who people the actual earth. It will be said, of course, that it takes a good book to give a true conception of very inferior people; that without Dickens's genius we should never have known what Fagin and his young thieves were like, and that without Cobbett we should never have known adequately the prepossessions of a shrewd, thorough-going John Bull of the early part of this century, with little reverence, and no power of entering into characters higher than his own; in other words, that it takes a good book to give a faithful picture even of vice, ignorance, and prejudice. To a certain extent that may be granted. We should certainly never know as we do the commonplace people in the country-houses of the English gentry of our Southern counties, as they existed at the opening of this century, without Miss Austen. We should not know the meeting-ground of middle-class and aristocratic society during the later years of the last century as we do, without Miss Burney.

But it is a mistake to suppose that people who cannot travel far for themselves,—and however far we may travel for ourselves, there are none of us who can for ourselves travel back into the past,—gain no experience from reading inferior books which they could not gain in a better form from reading books of the highest genius. If you have the gift for it, and do not spend too much time on it, you gain from a hasty perusal of many inferior books a far better impression of what the average man feels and thinks, than you can gain from the study of the most brilliant pictures of inferior persons. It is delightful to know the Dodger and Charley Bates. It is not delightful to know the ordinary young thief. You gain from Dickens a good

deal of misleading impression as to the life of the actual young thief, which experience would not confirm. And so, too, a large knowledge of the second-rate books of any period, the books which are forgotten as soon as they are read, probably furnishes a better equivalent for a wide experience of the world than a thorough knowledge of the first-rate books. No book-knowledge will give an adequate equivalent for experience; but certainly you learn more of the dusty levels of life from a wide superficial knowledge of the books which are destined to be forgotten, than from a thorough mastery of the books destined to be immortal. Of course, the real advantage of these latter books is, that beside experience, and experience of a valuable kind, they give you what is above your own experience,—flashes of imagination, of insight, of vision, which no experience of your own would give you, which you could get only by real access to the minds of great men, to very few of which any one man can possibly have the chance of access half as easy as the access he has to the best books. That is matter of course. All we want to insist on is that one gains less, as well as more, by knowing a few great books, than one gains by knowing a great many inferior ones. One *does* gain a very great deal more by great books than one could ever gain by knowing all the inferior books that were ever written; but one gains less, too. By the commonplace books we gain real experience of common humanity as it was and is; by the great books we gain a very much more taking and brilliant experience of common humanity than ordinary life would verify. Doubtless, to the man who can roam far and wide, actual experience of men is much better than the wearisome experience gained through second- and third-rate books. But in the absence of direct experience, a large superficial knowledge of second-rate literature is a much better substitute for experience, than could be obtained without it. If you gaze at the world only through works of genius, even if they be such works as Thackeray's, the world will seem much more interesting, much more clearly outlined, much more intelligible, in short, than it really is. To know the opaque mass of humanity, you must see it not only through works of genius, but also through either a wide experience of men and manners, or a wide survey of works of no genius. For example, people who do not read the daily papers are often greatly to be envied. They may read what is much more calculated to impress their minds with ennobling hopes and enduring trusts; but they hardly know the common round of English life, with its dingy uniformity of color, only broken here and there by an influx of grander forces, as it really is.

So much by way of protest against Sir John Lubbock's rather one-sided view of the mischief of miscellaneous reading. Still, what he says in his interesting lecture is absolutely true, so far as the aim of reading is not merely to gain experience, but to open intercourse with minds of the largest and most piercing vision; so far as we seek books to inspire us, and not merely tools to help us to a better knowledge of the world. But on Sir John Lubbock's list of books approved by the consent of a considerable number of readers' experience, we are inclined to put this question,—How can an average experience be of much use as a guide to individual experience? Average experience only gives us, what Mr. Galton's photographic camera gave, when made to receive in succession a considerable number of individual faces,—a sort of average of humanity. Now, no one man can be properly educated by conformity to a standard gathered from the average taste of others. We wish Sir John Lubbock had told us exactly, so far as he really could, what *his own* favorite books to the number of a hundred, or even fifty, are. That would have been really instructive. We hold that for every separate man, the select books which he reads most fondly, should be quite separate. We always regard such remarks as Isaac Barrow's on books, as not a little unreal:—'He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter.' Now, a favorite book is not a friend. You are fond of it, but it is not fond of you. It is much less than friend, but also not a little more. It does not spring proposals upon you as friends do. It is warranted not to startle. You know perfectly the kind of thing you will find there, though you often find more, and sometimes, perhaps, a little less, than you had expected to find. It does not feel hurt, if you weary of it and close it. It does not insist upon its own view, and controvert yours. Whether it is a wholesome counsellor or not, depends altogether on whether you like works which show you your weaknesses, or only those which help you to feel your strength. Whether it is an effectual comforter or not, depends on whether or not its drift is comfort or irony,—an answer to doubt or a stimulus to doubt.

All this sort of language about books seems to us conventional. Books are favorites when they refresh and inspire, not when they counsel and comfort. If the present writer, for instance, made a list of his favorite books, how surprised some of his friends would be! Very high on his list would stand Grimm's 'Volksmährchen,'—not Grimm's 'Popular Tales,' because some prime favorites, the old monkish legends, are seldom rendered in the English versions. Now, what is the charm of a book like that? If it is to be called a faithful friend, certainly it is not so even in the sense in which a dog or a bird is a faithful friend. It gives no sign of attachment. It obturates no remonstrance. It tenders no sympathy. It simply gives a delightful picture of the *naïveté* and childlikeness of the mediaeval world. The simplicity of the tales of wonder, the shrewdness and weirdness, with the singularly simple wisdom, of the stories of Death, Satan, and the Saints, are of a kind which fascinate the mind in this sceptical century, and refresh it with the picture of a very primitive humor and a very primitive conscience. As Arnold says of Wordsworth, not very truly, but as we can say of Grimm's 'Volksmährchen' with perfect truth,—

The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly,
But who like him will put it by?

That is what we very often want of a book, to put by 'the cloud of mortal destiny.' And that is what Homer, and Herodotus, and Grimm's 'Volksmährchen' alike give us,—a complete refreshment of spirit. In such writers we find once more the old, childlike attitude of man, without missing his noble aspirations, his inextinguishable curiosity, and his awestruck recognition of the heavens above and the hell beneath him. Again, take a very different book, which probably a great number of our readers have never read, Cardinal Newman's 'Callista.' That which makes 'Callista' so refreshing to the present writer is its wonderful restoration of the age in which Christianity was struggling with the Roman paganism, and giving men at once new life and a new indifference to death. To the mind of any one who has fully enjoyed that book, it is a book not to read once, but year after year, with an ever-growing sense of obligation. It does not, indeed, restore to us the delight with which a renewed vision of the childlike stage in man's growth always fills us, as do the great imaginative works of the ages of legend, and the stories of marvel in the Middle Ages. But it makes us see as no other work of fiction has ever made us see, what Christianity had to do in the age of the martyrs, and what it really did. In fact, it brings before our eyes the inward significance of the greatest of the historical tragedies in the whole story of our race. In a lesser degree, such stories as Sir Walter Scott's 'Abbott' or 'Old Mortality' do us just the same kind of service. They give us some impression of the inner life of the great dynastic and religious conflicts of past times, and suggest something of what they *meant* to the hearts of those who were the chief actors. We cannot regard even the greatest of Shakespeare's plays as offering the same kind of refreshment. No greater work than 'Hamlet' was ever produced by the human intellect; and 'Hamlet,' no doubt,—with many others of Shakespeare's plays,—is a great resource whenever the mind is at its highest point of energy. But then its imaginative flight is too independent of real conditions to render it possible that we should follow it with the ease with which we follow the creations that fill up known historical conditions—that vivify the well-marked testimony of history. And even these great books are not counsellors, not comforters, not friends. They are stimulants and tonics to the feeble imagination of man, and enable us to connect in some way the present with the past,—or, what is still more difficult, and requires a higher energy for which we are only now and then adequate, they enable us to connect the present with the future. But the best of books are resources, not friends,—resources which, if properly used, open our eyes, nerve our imaginations, stir our sympathies, and sometimes, though comparatively rarely, shame our supineness and our miserable ambitions. But in any case, the books to love and cherish are not those which give us the largest measure of knowledge, but those which awaken the activity of our truest self.

Magazine Notes

IN *The Atlantic* George Frederic Parsons has a fine article on Balzac. He quotes the saying of Paul Albert that Balzac has shown the highest point the human intellect can attain to when destitute of an ideal, but he thinks we should no more blame a Balzac for not having an ideal, than we should a physiologist. An article follows on 'James, Crawford and Howells,' reminding us that it is hardly worth while to criticise methods in face of

the great fact that the reading world undoubtedly enjoys these authors' books. Mr. James's *Princess* in this number begins playing at poverty—and enjoys it, it is needless to say, only because it is playing. 'A Roman Gentleman under the Empire' is one of Harriet Preston's careful articles of the time of the younger Pliny.

Austin Dobson has taken 'A Literary Ramble along the Thames,' and will describe it, with the aid of illustrations by Henry Sandham and Alfred Dawson, in the June *Century*. A drawing by Kenyon Cox from Houdon's bust of Franklin will be the frontispiece of the number. The bust itself is to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.—Paul H. Hayne has prepared for the June number of *The Southern Bivouac* a sketch of the public services of Charles Gayarré, of New Orleans. It will be followed by a review of Judge Gayarré's literary labors.

—The third of David A. Wells's economic studies of Mexico appear in *The Popular Science Monthly* for June.

Good Housekeeping—than which few periodicals are more welcome—has just finished its second year. The current number contains an account of Mrs. George W. Childs's \$40,000 dinner-set, and gives a picture of her dinner-table groaning beneath its load of silver, china and glass.

One of the most striking things in *Harper's*, and indeed one of the finest bits of literary work for the month, is a short story by Annie Porter, called 'The Ministration of Death.' It is the story of a death-like trance, and as such trances have occurred, however seldom, the story has the merit of possibility. Its presentation of the realizing sense of sin which the nearness of death brings, is a study as subtle as some of Hawthorne's; while it has a warm and human element often lacking in Hawthorne's fine psychology. The story is quite perfect of its kind—a bit of the rarest soul-painting, full of pathos, tenderness, human nature, self-revelation, even humor, as when the sufferer at her own funeral notes the presence of the 'newspaper women,' and thinks she must warn the butler to be more particular before her next reception. But the finest point of the story is its embodiment of the idea that after death we shall perhaps only be punished for our sins by realizing how hateful they are. A very complete industrial article on 'A Lump of Sugar,' by R. R. Bowker, tells us that a lump of charcoal and a glass of water contain together all the elements of a lump of sugar, a pint of syrup, a pound of starch, or a spool of thread. Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson pleads strongly for a better Navy, urging that we need one quite apart from the considerations of war. Mr. Warner's 'Pilgrimage' is stayed for the nonce at Newport, whose charms have never been better summed up than in his allusion to it as 'such a refined landscape.'

In *The Popular Science Monthly* there is an interesting article on 'What may Animals be Taught?' It comes to the conclusion that even the patience of a Lubbock cannot teach a dog to read. Another interesting paper is by Prof. Lockwood, on 'Scratching in the Animal Kingdom,' and W. D. Le Sueur replies to Lyman Abbott on evolution and theology.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

A VACANCY which will not be easily filled has been left in the ranks of our marine painters by the death of Arthur Quartley less than a fortnight ago, in this city. Mr. Quartley had been ill for some time from jaundice contracted at Venice. He went to Europe a fine-looking, robust man, and returned in two years so changed for the worse as to be scarcely recognizable by his oldest friends. He had been elected an Academician only a few days before his death, and his funeral, which was largely attended, took place with full honors from the Academy. Mr. Quartley was one of the strongest of the American marine painters, and in vigor and picturesque effect was surpassed by none. He gained much in color during his last trip abroad, and his last works, if less bold than some of his earlier productions, showed great advance in this respect. Mr. Quartley was personally very popular, and his loss is greatly felt by the artists of New York.

—The miniature painting of Gen. Nathaniel Greene's daughter, by Malbone, which has been in the possession of Dr. Henry E. Turner, of Newport, is said to have been sold to a New York lady for \$500. A miniature of Mrs. Greene, by Picot, has been sold to the same lady for \$150.

—Cincinnati's new Art Museum has been opened with appropriate ceremonies. In general character it is modelled upon the South Kensington. In his opening speech President Ingalls

said: —' We have sufficient land in a convenient and beautiful location; a building that has cost about \$330,000; \$75,000 in money, with which we are erecting an addition for the art schools; securities in the different endowment funds amounting to nearly \$600,000, and treasures in the building, purchased with our income or given by kind friends, valued at over \$150,000.'

—Mr. Clarence Cook is publishing in his fortnightly *Studio* a complete critical record of the Prize-Fund pictures now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries.

—The exhibition of pictures by French Impressionist painters held lately at the American Art Galleries was re-opened to the public at the National Academy of Design on Tuesday. The present hanging appears to put many of the smaller works, especially the landscapes, at a disadvantage; and, as a whole, the lighting of the Academy is not as favorable to the pictures as that of the Art Association. Some of the larger canvases, on the other hand, appear better; in several cases they have been so hung that they are seen in perspective through the doorways, at exactly the proper angle. Manet's 'Boy with the Sword,' a few more Renoirs, a couple of ballet subjects by Degas, some dogs by Mélin, and a few other works, have been added to the collection. Miss Mary Cassatt, the American Impressionist, has two works, one a half-length of a middle-aged lady in white, reading; the other shows the same figure with three children. They rank with all but the best of the French works in the exhibition.

Notes

ENCOURAGED by the hearty reception accorded 'The Late Mrs. Null,' Mr. Stockton is again at work on a novel, entirely different from his first effort as well in plan as in tone. *The Century* is soon to publish a novelette of his, in three parts; but this is not the 'novel,' which will be full-sized, and in twelve parts. This, too, will appear in *The Century*.

The Chace bill providing for International Copyright has been favorably reported to the Senate by the Committee on Patents, of which Mr. Chace is a member. It is far less just and liberal in its provisions than the Hawley bill, which the American Copyright League officially endorsed, inasmuch as it requires foreign works to be printed here, if they are to enjoy the advantages of American copyright; but it is better than nothing, and should for that reason have the support of all American authors. It is thought that it may pass the Senate before Congress adjourns. Its chances in the House are considered less favorable.

—According to the *Times*, the heroine of "Taken by Siege," the serial story which is appearing in *Lippincott's*, is said to be Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. The author has not made the admission, but this is understood in Philadelphia to be the fact.

—Prof. Hardy's new novel, 'The Wind of Destiny,' will be published to-day by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Other issues of the same house to-day are 'Old Salem,' a reprint of three articles contributed to *The Atlantic* by Eleanor Putnam; 'In Primrose Time: A New Irish Garland,' by S. M. B. Piatt; a paper-covered edition of H. E. Scudder's 'Stories and Romances'; and 'The Transfiguration of Christ,' by F. W. Gunsaulus.

—The author of the story 'Monsieur Motte,' which attracted attention in the first number of *The New Princeton*, is reported to be Miss Grace King, of New Orleans—another voice from the new South.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold sailed for New York last Saturday. He will spend a few days in this city, where his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Whiting lives, and will then visit Philadelphia, where he is to deliver a lecture under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. Its subject is said to be 'Points on Foreign Education.'

—It is rumored that some of Matthew Arnold's poems are about to be published with a musical setting by the poet's son.

—Col. McDowell, of Ashland, Lexington, has named a fancy colt after Harry Fenn, in memory of a recent visit of the artist to the old home of Henry Clay. Among the new colts the closest rival of Harry Fenn is Alma-Tadema.

—Mr. G. W. Carleton, the publisher, who has just retired from the firm that bears his name, went into business in 1857. One of his first publications was William Allen Butler's popular society poem, 'Nothing to Wear.' He also printed in those early years Stedman's 'Diamond Wedding,' which achieved great popularity and involved the author first in a duel and then in a life-long friendship. He thus found that wit and humor paid; and they paid better still when he came to issue the works

of Artemas Ward and Josh Billings. Translations from the famous French novelists and native stories of a sensational cast were published in great numbers over the imprint and peculiar trade-mark of Mr. Carleton's house.

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne has become literary editor of *The World* and Mr. G. P. Lathrop of *The Star*; so we suppose the starting of a weekly magazine by these two gentlemen has been indefinitely postponed.

—Mr. Dorschimer's 'Van Buren' will probably be ready for the printers of the American Statesmen Series by August 1st.

—Messrs. Putnam have become the publishers of the papers of the American Geographical Society. The first will be ex-Minister S. G. W. Benjamin's recently-delivered address on 'Persia and the Persians.' Mr. Benjamin has consented to write 'The Story of Persia' for the Putnams' Story of the Nations Series.

—A 'Centennial History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, 1785-1885,' with seven steel portraits of the Bishops of New York and other illustrations, will be ready early in June from the press of D. Appleton & Co. It has been prepared by General Wilson, with the assistance of Bishop Henry C. Potter and Dr. Morgan Dix.

—Prof. Boyesen lectured at Wells College recently on 'French Poets and Critics.' His predecessors as lecturers at Wells were Mr. Arnold and Mr. Gosse.

—Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, the London auctioneers, will sell on July 1st and following days the second portion of Mr. Henry Stevens's historical collections relating to America. The catalogue contains 603 titles, and exhibits in a marked degree Mr. Stevens's taste for uncut copies of rare books, and for handsome and costly bindings.

—Franklin Pierce Abbott is translating Tolstoi's 'Sketches of Sebastopol.' One, at least, of these three sketches has appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

—Gen. McClellan's Memoirs are to be published by Charles L. Webster & Co.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce the early publication of a novel entitled 'Cut,' by G. I. Cervus, author of 'White Feathers,' etc., founded upon exciting occurrences at West Point.

—Dr. Noah Porter's resignation as President of Yale College was accepted by the Yale corporation on Thursday morning of last week. Prof. Timothy Dwight was unanimously elected as his successor, and will be inaugurated on July 1st, the day after commencement. His grandfather, Timothy Dwight, who was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, was President of Yale from 1795 until 1817. President Dwight was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1828, was graduated from Yale in 1849, was licensed to preach in 1855 after a course in the Theological School, studied at Bonn and Berlin from 1856 to 1858, and in the same year was appointed Buckingham Professor of Sacred Literature in the Yale Theological Department. He is rich, and gives his year's salary to the Theological School. He has long been one of the editors of *The New Englander*. He is a man of progressive ideas, and much liked by the Faculty, the alumni and the students. His election as Dr. Porter's successor has long been a foregone conclusion.

—'Earthquakes and other Earth Movements,' by Prof. John Milne, of the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio, will be the subject of the next volume of the International Scientific Series.

—Messrs. Appleton will soon begin an International Education Series. Two volumes are nearly ready for publication—'The Philosophy of Education,' by Dr. J. K. F. Rosenkranz, of the University of Königsberg, and 'A History of Education,' by Prof. F. V. N. Painter, of Roanoke College, Virginia. The series will embrace works by European as well as American authors, and will be edited and contributed to by Dr. W. T. Harris.

—Helen Hays, a writer for the young, has just written a novel which Thomas Whittaker will publish this month.

—Prof. Leopold von Ranke, the most celebrated of German historians, died in Berlin on Sunday last, in the ninety-first year of his age. Dr. von Ranke was born at Wiehe, Thuringia, on December 21st, 1795, and completed his sixtieth year as Professor in the University of Berlin on March 31st, 1855. The work which first gave him European reputation was 'The Popes of Rome,' a continuation of his 'Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe.' It appeared in 1834, and the review of it by Lord Macaulay in *The Edinburgh Review* made Von Ranke's name familiar to English and American readers. He married an Irish

lady, Miss Graves, and had a son and two or three daughters. Among his more recent publications were 'A History of Wallenstein' (1869); 'The German Powers and the League of Princes,' being a history of Germany from 1780 to 1790 (1871); 'A History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century' (1875); and two biographies of Frederick the Great and Frederick Wilhelm (1878). The great work of his life was a history of the world entitled 'Weltgeschichte,' which was to be in nine volumes. He had completed but six volumes, but it is believed that he has left sufficient notes and documents to permit at least one more to be prepared by his literary executors.

—The publication of Mrs. Homer Martin's 'Whom God hath Joined' is followed by the announcement of a story, called 'Children of the Earth,' by Miss A. R. Macfarlane, Mrs. Martin's successor as reviewer of novels for *The Nation*. The scenes are laid in Nova Scotia and New York.

—'The Romance of the Lilies,' by the author of 'Two Strokes of the Bell,' will soon be issued by W. I. Harris & Co., of Boston.

—'Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Scott,' says *The Star*, 'have for some time been the guests of Mrs. de Garmenda in this city. Mrs. Maxwell is the granddaughter of Lockhart and the great-granddaughter of Walter Scott.'

—Mr. W. M. Rossetti is engaged on an Introductory Note to a selection of the choicest specimens of Walt Whitman. Chatto & Windus will publish the book.

—The *Pekinger Zeitung* hears that a Chinese writer named Wongtzi was recently sentenced to be quartered, because in one of his scientific works he had enumerated the names of several of the departed Chinese Emperors, which is strictly against the Court etiquette. His punishment was, however, mitigated to decapitation, and his children will be allowed to live until next autumn, when they too will be executed.

—On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, Messrs. Bangs & Co. will sell at auction a large collection of miscellaneous books which includes first editions of Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Poe and Whitman; as well as some rare Franklin imprints, scarce Americana, French literature and literary autographs.

—It is said that Gen. Rush Hawkins is about to sell his library.

—Messrs. Estes & Lauriat authorize us to state that Charles E. Brown, Walter Montgomery Jackson, Isaac R. Webber, Seneca Sanford and Asa H. Walker have been admitted to partnership in their publishing business; that they themselves 'will retain an active business connection with the firm'; that the firm name will remain unchanged; and that the happy restoration of Mr. Lauriat's health will enable him to devote at least one half his time to the business of the house.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Danson, The Wealth of Households	\$1.25.....	Macmillan & Co.
De Amicis, E. Alberto	35c.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Dix, M. The Gospel and Philosophy	\$1.50.....	E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Duffield, S. W. English Hymns: Their Authors, etc.	\$2.50.....	Funk & Wagnalls.
Duplessis, G. The Wonders of Engraving	81.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Eckermann-Chatran, Les Fiançailles de Grindewald	35c.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Face to Face	\$1.25	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Fouse's Life Insurance ManualPhila.: Fidelity Mutual Life Association.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Guest, M. J., and Underwood, F. H. A Handbook of English History	\$1.20.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Harris, M. C. A Perfect AdonisBoston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	Brentano Bros.
Hill, J. M. The Tender Grace. Music by E. Solomon	F. W. Warne & Co.
Hittell, T. H. History of California. Vol. II. San FranciscoOccidental Pub. Co.	E. & J. B. Young & Co.
How, W. W. Poems	\$1.05.....	Harper & Bros.
Kennard, Mrs. E. Killed in the Open	20c.....	Harper & Bros.
King, Author of John Halifax	90c. 25c.....	Harper & Bros.
King, Capt. C. Marion's Faith	\$1.25.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Krehbiel, H. E. Review of N. Y. Musical Season, 1883-6	30c.....	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Lamb, C. Adventures of Ulysses	30c.....	Ginn & Co.
Landoy (De), F. The Sublime in Nature	\$1.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Macaulay, Lord. Francis Bacon	10c.....	Cassell & Co.
McKean, M. F. Red-Letter Days	25c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Oberholzer, Mrs. S. L. Daisies of Verse	\$1.25.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Parsons, C. R. The Man with the White Hat	85c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Rand, E. A. The Camp at Surf Bluff	\$1.25.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Southern Bivouac, The. Vol. I., June '83-May '86Louisville, Ky.: B. F. Avery & Sons.	
Tidball, M. L. Barbara's Vagaries	Harper & Bros.
Vicary, J. F. A Stork's Nest	\$1.50.....	F. W. Warne & Co.
Walloth, W. The King's Treasure House. Tr. by M. J. SaffordW. S. Gottsberger.	Cassell & Co.
Walworth, Mrs. J. H. Scuples	35c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Wentworth, Rev. J. B. The Logic of Introspection	\$2.....	George J. Combes.
Woolf, P. Who is Guilty?	\$1.....	Cassell & Co.
Woolson, C. F. East Angels	Harper & Bros.
Zürcher and Margollé. Meteors, etc.	\$1.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAN wants but little here below. WOMAN wants Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.